

evening at the house of the illustrious cynic he found himself received with a warmth for which he was at a loss to account till Carlyle informed him that it proceeded from his relief at finding that the visitor was not Emerson. In print Carlyle hailed the coming of Emerson as that of one bringing new fire from the Empyrean; but subterranean rumours soon began to be heard in English society that upon alighting at Chelsea the celestial visitant had proved "a bore." Had Carlyle been the guest of Emerson at Concord, there would have been roosters as there were at Chelsea, and democratic roosters, at once doubly odious and doubly unrestrainable; there would have been hardships to bear in the Yankee household at least as great as in Lord Ashburton's Highland Villa. But above all there would have been the perpetual flow of divine philosophy from the lips of the host. Then would have come a series of graphic and vigorous letters to Mrs. Carlyle, which as they would have thrown light on the character of a hero, a conscientious biographer would have felt bound to publish, as he did the letters about Mill, once the dearest of the hero's friends. Boston escaped a great scandal. It is difficult to say which of the two it would have been most dangerous to entertain—Carlyle or Rousseau.

WHAT is the use of our transcendental philosophies if they cannot keep us in the path of common veracity and justice? We should have thought that Mr. Holmes would have been above seasoning his book for the Anglophobic palate by a repetition of the calumnious statement that England, when the conflict broke out between the Free and Slave States, forgot her anti-slavery principles in her jealousy of the greatness of the American Republic. To a nation with world-wide interests, connections and rivalries, the greatness of the American Republic is perhaps not quite so absorbing an object of contemplation and apprehension as Mr. Holmes may suppose. But let that pass. Mr. Holmes ought surely to know that "England" did not play the part which he ascribes to her. The great majority of the English people were, and though sorely tried by the cotton famine, steadfastly remained, on the side of the North. They rejected the French Emperor's proposal of a joint intervention, which would immediately have given them cotton; they prevented by their influence any serious motion in favour of the South from being ever made in Parliament, and as soon as the escape of the *Alabama* had made the danger apparent they put a stern and decisive veto on any further enterprises of that kind. The heart of the British aristocracy was on the side of the aristocracy, or what was taken for the aristocracy, of the South. This was natural; just as natural as it is that the heart of the American democracy should be, as it always is, with militant democracy in Europe. In the North itself the sympathies of Conservative wealth, the nearest approach to aristocracy which there existed, were largely on the side of the Confederates. Surely Mr. Holmes and his fellow Republicans are not such worshippers of rank as to count the friendship of the people worthless if the aristocracy are against them. But Mr. Holmes must remember, and history whenever she brings the parties to these transactions before her tribunal must never forget to note, that at the beginning of the war, when most people formed their opinions, the North not only did not appeal to anti-slavery principles, but distinctly disavowed them. To avert the secession both houses of Congress passed, by a great majority, resolutions which, in the words of Mr. Blaine, "would have entrenched slavery securely in the organic law of the land, elevated the privilege of the slave-owner beyond that of the owner of any other species of property, and made slavery perpetual in the United States, so far as any influence or power of the National Government could effect it." How were ordinary people to go behind such declarations? When the abolition of slavery came at last, it was avowedly not a measure of morality but an operation of war. Let Mr. Holmes ask himself how much sympathy England would, under similar circumstances, have received from the Americans. When she was crusading against slavery, after having given the most decisive proof of her sincerity by the costly emancipation of her own slaves, what construction did they put upon her motives, and what sort of justice did she receive at their hands? If the aristocracy of England were the bitterest foes of the American Unionists the people were by far their most ardent friends. Europe in general was apathetic, looking upon the conflict as a mere struggle for dominion, and oscillating, in a languid way, between dislike of slavery and feeling in favour of a new nationality fighting for life. In the land of Lafayette hardly any interest was shown in the question, and had the Emperor given the word for intervention, though the regular opposition might have protested, the nation at large would have acquiesced without a murmur, and would have triumphed in the recovery of Louisiana as it did in the annexation of Savoy.

NONSENSE, when it takes the form of a paradox, bears a charmed life. From a paper in Mr. Holyoke's "Present Day" we gather that the most

preposterous of all paradoxes, that which ascribes the authorship of Shakespeare's plays to Lord Bacon, has not yet found burial. It is strange, or perhaps it is natural, that the inventor of such a figment should fix on an authorship which is not only unsupported by a particle of proof but morally impossible. Bacon was an active member of Parliament, a not less active intriguer at Court, a lawyer who attained the summit of his profession, a moral essayist of the first class, a historian, a writer on jurisprudence and the founder of the Inductive Philosophy. Though it is less generally known, he was a great political philosopher, and to him was due that conception of an administrative monarchy which formed the ideal of Strafford. This is enough to make us doubt whether brain power is as high now as it was in his day. Yet the paradox foists into his life, which ended at sixty-five, the production on an immense scale of works of imagination which leave far behind any other efforts of human genius. Moreover, as we believe has been remarked, Bacon was absolutely incapable of Shakespeare's passion. Hooker was about as likely to write "Romeo and Juliet." Bacon's essay on Love is as cold as the *Novum Organon*. He regards the passion chiefly as an impediment to the pursuit of honour and wealth. He tried himself to reconcile it with the pursuit of wealth by paying his addresses to a rich widow. "The Stage," he says, "is more beholding to love than the life of man; for, as to the stage, love is even matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury." A curious remark, by the way, to be made by the greatest of all dramatists about the stage. Did Bacon write the Sonnets and the "Venus and Adonis"? What is to be said about the plays of mixed authorship such as "Henry the Sixth"? Did Bacon, the ambitious politician and courtier, enter into literary partnership with a playwright? Lord Chancellor Selborne would just as soon think of going about with Punch as a man in Bacon's position would have thought of having anything to do with the Bohemians of the Globe Theatre in those days. Where did Bacon get the stage knowledge necessary to make the plays so excellent as they are for representation? The writer whose essay is printed in "The Present Day" has been at the pains of showing that Shakespeare had university men among his associates to supply him with classical knowledge. The translation of Plutarch would supply him with all the classical knowledge that he displays. He knows nothing of classical costume, or of the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. Bacon would hardly have made Athenians fight duels, or Roman generals march with drums and colours. It is difficult to compare the style of a prose writer with that of a poet; but it may at all events be said that there is not a shadow of similarity between the style of Bacon and that of Shakespeare. The language of course is the same in contemporary writers. In that line perhaps arguments might be found to prove that Jeremy Bentham wrote the poems of Shelley.

### THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

MONTREAL, February 2nd, 1885.

OUR third Winter Carnival has proved an unqualified success. The Montrealers are a little given to boasting of the steady character of our cold weather, as contrasted with the see-sawing of the thermometer above and below 32° at such unfavourable places as Toronto. But although we never mention it, we are liable—occasionally—to attacks of rain and thaw, when our good reputation forsakes us and we become as other cities. A month ago a courageous contractor was building our ice-palace in a drizzle of the most dogged description, his blocks of ice being brought to him through snowless streets, by moist and oozy mews, with umbrellas. This was the opportunity for the most numerous and important committee concerned with the Carnival—a committee in constant session and never reticent in giving voice to dreariest prediction—the committee of Criticism and Suggestion. This venerable senate has not met with the deference due to it by the sturdy young fellows who have invented and carried out our carnivals. Hence their tearful glee when your Toronto searcher of the heavens gave out from day to day that we were in for more south winds, prolonged showers, and gloom generally. These good people wanted the courses of the palace laid to be preserved from the wet by tarpaulins. They showed statistically how very cold it had been during our two first carnival seasons, much colder than we could expect it to be as a rule. They argued that a later week than that fixed upon would have been proper, and that after all carnivals were not desirable things anyway. But Fortune, which had scowled so long, at last changed her expression and smiled upon us all Broadway. Down went the mercury where it belonged and stayed there. Up went the walls of the palace, and despite the dismal croakings of so many wise-acres, in every item the carnival programme has been fulfilled to the letter, in weather crisp, sunny and tingling.

Very bold indeed was the idea which took ice and snow to make of them structures of beauty and sport sufficiently attractive to throng the city in winter with visitors from every part of the Dominion and the Union. Yet the experience has proved that the idea was sound as well as bold. Our Carnival, as often as it may be repeated by as good manage-